

OXIS



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HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE



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Omen

Volume 18, Number 3
March 8, 2002

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White Castle
In-n-Out Burger
Dairy Queen
Hardee's
Waffle House
Fatburger
Wendy's
Jack In The Box
Jedi Burger
Steak & Shake

THE OFFICIAL OMEN MATH:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by Brady Burroughs
Back Cover by Michael Zole



to submit

Submissions are due *Fridays before noon*. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: *Merrill B007, Box 853, x5303*. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to *ajm99@hampshire.edu*. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

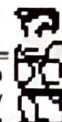
And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Everything converges
on my ass.

Quote attributed to Laura Torres



THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME



It seems like Hampshire is very bad at preserving its own past. I'm not talking about the faculty and staff, some of whom have been here since 1969 and are probably reliable sources of information, even though they made the questionable choice of being here since 1969. I'm talking about the students.

We Hampshire students have a very strong oral tradition, by which I mean everything we know about Hampshire's history is essentially a rumor. As a first year, you have to glean all your information from older students, who are repeating what they heard from older students when they were first years, and that's assuming they're talking about something that happened recently. Ask about the details of Adele Simmons' presidential inauguration, which happened some 25 years ago, and you'll probably hear that it cost \$2 million and involved giant radioactive attack frogs. (It didn't; the frogs were of average size.)

This is why I was so delighted to find a slender document titled "A History of Student Activity and Achievement at Hampshire" on the reserves shelf at the library. Inside, student and former Community Council chair Timothy Shary (F86) gives a day-by-day account of the events, politics and debacles that happened at Hampshire between 1969 and 1990. It's a revelation, for two reasons. One, it confirms as fact all those things you've heard about Hampshire that sound suspiciously like rumors – for example, "that guy who majored in Frisbee" is real, his name is John Dwork, and he graduated in 1983. Two, it reveals with almost painful clarity how little Hampshire has really changed over the

years. Vandalism, arson, high attrition rates, student groups (particularly newspapers) that can't sustain enough interest to survive more than a few semesters, and protests that range from reasonable to ridiculous. My favorite entry, from March 1, 1978, is "Over 60 students form a human blockade around the Hampshire Mall 'Freebus'... protesting the economic and social impact of the mall and its bus service, students demand that the bus never return; it never does." I used to think Hampshire protests never had any effect; how wrong I was. Think about that next time you need to go to the mall.

Reading through this document, you also get a great sense of what Hampshire was like over the years from a student's perspective. You realize that a single student can leave a mark on Hampshire's history – so you'd better watch yourself, especially if you're on Community Council. You also realize why so many people are frustrated with Hampshire. On March 3, 1980, "An anonymous donor has contributed \$15,000 to the college to help in constructing a community center... there is again no agreement within the community on where to build it." How about the center of the campus, brainiacs? Instead, 18 years later, that area gets a yurt. I wonder how the 15 grand was spent.

The real shame of all this is that Shary's account ends at 1990, presumably when he graduated. That means that as of right now, 12 years of student activity exist only in the minds of the students who witnessed them. You could compile a history from 1990 onward, but

policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

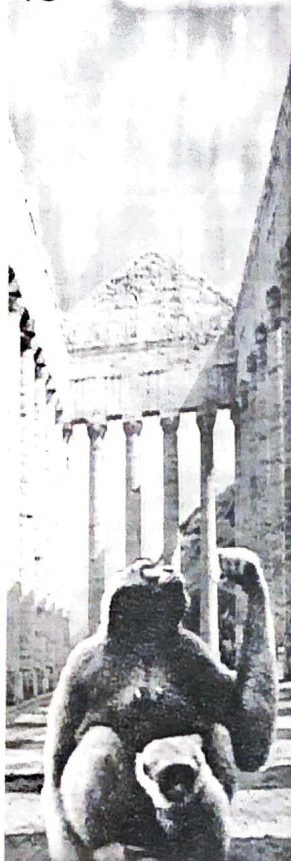
submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

THE HAMPSHIRE DICTIONARY OF COLLEGIATE BULLSHIT

Students at Hampshire College have many interests and hobbies with frisbee and ass-ery being among the favorites. And I'm no less guilty. I spend most of my free time being an ass in one form or another. But the difference is, I try to leave the ass-ery at home when I go to class. But apparently many on this campus don't share my sincere effort to absorb knowledge in an engaging classroom setting. Now I know some of you are at home saying, "But Alyissa the classroom is a limiting hierarchal environment which silences free thought by perpetuating the biases of the teaching body". Well I say "Bite Me." You have to learn how to use a drill before you can disassemble the Brooklyn Bridge (or the oppressive patriarchy). College is where you learn different ideas, even if you don't agree with them, so you have something to work with and be inspired by. Do you have any idea how many Hampshire classes I've had to sit through where I was one of the only people who did the reading? Do you know how many unfounded, moronic arguments I've had to listen to from people who didn't do the reading? Do you know how many on this campus would be missing tongues if my impulse control were any worse? Do you know how many dumb conversations like this:

Prof: Do you think you're smarter than Freud?

Ass: Yes. Because I was born

after Freud so I stand on the shoulders of his knowledge. I know what he knew because I live after him.

Prof: Have you ever read any Freud?

Ass: No, because I just know it.

Prof: Well then I guess that means you didn't do today's reading.

...are burned into my skull?

I think that a lot of this ass-ery is caused by students pretending they know it all and that established modes of understanding and meaning have no relevance, so they make up their own. Or worse yet hear someone else toss around a word or concept and assume that it's the only appropriate interpretation of that multifaceted idea.

So I've compiled a mini primer on the correct usage of some of Hampshire's favorite words.

Appropriation: to take possession of another's material, often without permission, reusing it in a context which differs from its original context most often in order to examine issues concerning originality or to reveal meaning not previously seen in the original. Appropriation is far more aggressive than allusion, but it's not the same as plagiarism. Images used in a collage and the photography of Sherri Levine are examples of appropriation.

Personally I feel many people

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by Alyissa Dzaugis, contributor

CURMUDGEONS AND CIGARS — PART I

Interview conducted by Beth Day and Sasha Horwitz, columnists

After taking Gene Cloning this past Jan-Term with Lynn Miller, I became interested in him and the truth of the rumors that surrounded him. While I don't think he has the best people skills, I think he's a wonderful professor, and has a lot of interesting stories to tell. He's also a living legend around Hampshire, standing outside Cole, smoking cigars, and grumbling at you if you ever tell him to have a good day. Sasha has also taken a class with him, and did a Div I with him. I wanted to bring someone along with me who had had the experience of doing a Div I with him to come along with me. This is part one of a two-part interview. It takes a damned long time to transcribe an interview, and Lynn talks a lot (which is a good thing). It's interesting to note we did this whole interview standing outside with Lynn while he smoked away on his cigar.

Sasha: Do you have any interesting stories about Hampshire's early days?

Lynn: I have many interesting stories about Hampshire's early days, what do you want to know?

Beth: I guess like how things were different maybe?

SH: The first one that pops into my mind

LM: There was a planning faculty and some students who were hired by the college to serve on the planning. The students all would have been seniors at their other colleges and they were hired a year before we opened and they were involved in writing and critiquing, for example,

course descriptions. All of the faculty were trying desperately hard to write clever course descriptions that were attractive to the students, they wanted students to come to their courses.

So one of the fellows, as these students were called, they were going to be called senior fellows and they did their division 3 dissertations when we opened. Well one of the fellows looked at all the course descriptions prepared for the School of Natural Science and he came to mine and he said it was an awful example of negative pandering. You know because I wrote what it was going to be like. I still managed to get a few students.

When the college opened, the president, Franklin Patterson, who was a very smart and a very autocratic man, had designed this college on the model of Oxbridge. There would be faculty members sitting in their office smoking their pipes and students would come in and get educated. It was going to be very hierarchical, and students were going to accumulate a folder of questions, which would then serve as their Division I examination at an appropriate time with a couple of faculty members and a student.

Well, students didn't like that, faculty didn't like that so the first semester came along. At the end of the first semester nobody had done any examinations, they didn't know what the hell they were. The first examination

at the college was done by a very clever student who had discovered up at Amherst College the first computer... dedicated computer that would draw pictures. It had a very sophisticated program he had to learn. So, he proposed the following project: he was going to take a three-dimensional wire cube, an open cube, and show what it would look like as it got increasingly closer to the speed of light. This had been done with solid objects before,

but never with an open cube. So the physicist who listened to this project thought that it was pretty interesting.

So he set up a committee that January, which composed of one physicist, one mathematician,

and me. Why was I on the committee, knowing nothing about computers, programming, or physics, or what things look like at the speed of light? I was there to see if he could explain it to the naive person, it was a wonderful committee. So we met, he showed us the mathematics, he showed us the program, he showed us the print out of this wonderful wonderful object being greatly elongated and stretched as it went through space and time. We passed him on the spot.

That was the first Division I examination done in the college. That sort of set the model that a student would come up with a question, and then demonstrate

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TOKEN LATINA WORKS MINIMUM WAGE

Much like Omen editor Zole I work at the library. I love working at the library. My superiors are wonderful and make me oatmeal if I miss breakfast. Good times. I get to chat it up with patrons and eat chocolate and read dirty French novellas at the desk. I know when all the new books come in and I generally have a very good grasp at how a library functions and have learned lots of stuff. Most likely I will become a librarian with my anthropology and design skills from my swinging Div Two. Anthropology is only good for becoming a librarian or research assistant. Design is only good for coming up with new innovative ways to make a dildo. I highly recommend everyone to join me Thursday evenings in Lemelson to make sex toys.

So anyways things are generally looking up for my wonderful work-study job and me. Unfortunately there is a dark side to this tale. Its come to my attention after three years of working for Hampshire's wonderful collection of unusual titles and authors is that most students don't know how to use the library. Its appalling and one of the reasons I am sure I am developing a premature ulcer and scurvy.

First of all are any of you aware that you can renew books online? This is an amazing thing in this day and age. Waaaaaay back in the day you actually had to haul your ass over to the library. The four-college library system has its very own site to do many exciting library functions. Here is the URL: <http://cliblib.library.umass.edu/>

get calls all the time from people asking me to renew their books over the phone. Our policy is usually "renew you own damned books online with the easy to use website". Sometimes if I detect tears in a person's voice I will renew the books but reluctantly.

Here is another shocker. A good number of people don't know how to use the reserve system. C'mon people, it's midway through spring now. You should have it figured out. Coming up to me and blankly uttering the class you are in gets you nowhere! Do you realize there are a hundreds of items on reserve? Do you think I take the

time and energy to memorize all the classes offered in Hampshire and memorize the hundreds of reserve titles and where they are located? Well, I don't. I have a Div II to pass. This is why Beverly Hindle, Our Lady Of Reserves, has created a series of easy to locate binders with all the reserves indexed by class. These binders not only provide patrons with the answers they need but important information for library circ workers like myself. I know in Amherst they don't even have binders. In Amherst you have to look up the reserve on the easy to use website mentioned above and give the circ worker the entire call number. At Hampshire we eliminate that step for you. We care and want to make the transition from no books to having

books as smoothly as possible.

Over the years I have begun to dislike sitting near the phone at the desk. When the phone rings I know it is not going to be fun. Patrons have a bad habit of calling us to perform favors that are not our responsibility. Favors include: renewing books, asking me to look up their reserves (get your ass down here and look it up yourself or look it up online), asking me to look for things in stacks, professors demanding that I put items on reserve when I am not Beverly Hindle, Our Lady Of Reserves, asking me to look for lost items in the lost and found, asking me to steal

books, asking me to look up journals, and just general rudeness. These are all no-nos. As you can tell a lot of these problems can be solved online. Sometimes you have to add another layer of clothes and make the trek over, especially if you want to pull off a big library heist.

Overall I think your key to success at the library is being proactive. Get lost in stacks. Explore the many possibilities of the four college website. Get your feet wet. Don't bother me with your silly problems you can solve yourself with just a bit of ingenuity. And remember the library wuvs you. I want you to be able to write the best response paper this college ever did see.



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FEUDIN' 'BOUT THE 'FIELDS

by Nick Moen, columnist

Gentle Reader, I fear that by the time these words reach you, a grave misfortune may have befallen me. Indeed, this may well be the last article I ever pen for this prestigious publication. I have suffered a grievous insult, and must needs defend my honour, at moonlight, at a distance of 20 paces this very weekend. As my opponent shall be none other than former Omen columnist and current Harvard Divinity Student Gabriel McKee, I fear my chances of survival are distinctly slimmer than I should like, for, as everyone knows, Divinity students are, in most cases, crack shots, masters of the art of pistolry and, without an exception, the rankest of scoundrels. (If you are as yet unaware of this fact, you must read more Dostoyevsky). Although, like any Omen writer, I am flattered and grateful to receive hate mail and indeed feel not a small bit of pride for receiving my first piece before even attaining the esteemed position of columnist.

Nevertheless, as a man of impeccable taste, I cannot abide being proclaimed "WRONG WRONG WRONGETY WRONG"; and thus, as I value my honour more than my life, I am bound to accept Mr. McKee's challenge. Indeed, the only response I can give, in all good conscience, to Mr. McKee's slanderous insult is, "No, I'm right and you're wrongety wrong, so nyah, nyah, nyah-nyah nyah!" For the sake of posterity, and my own honour, I am reprinting Mr. McKee's challenge and my own response below. To this I can only add, gentle reader, if I am never more to pass before your eyes, Adieu! Go with God! (To those of

you who may be unfamiliar with the first subject of our dispute, the Magnetic Fields are the chief performance outlet of Mr. Stephen Merritt, perhaps the greatest and most perfect songwriter currently working in our popular idiom. Christine Fernsebner Esiao has written several articles in this very publication promoting them. You should seek them out at all costs, for their output is marvelous beyond words. And, despite whatever you may hear to the contrary, their most recent album, the "69 Love Songs", is their best. Especially the second volume. So there.)

Dear Mr. Nick Moen, I have just finished reading your comments regarding the musical work of the group known as "the Magnetic Fields," and this, combined with your comments in an article in the Hampshire College publication "The Omen" on the work of comic-book author Alan Moore, have led me to a disturbing conclusion.

Given your stated preference for several of the songs on "69 Love Songs" (an album that is, by any standard, much more "filler" than "killer") to those on other albums — albums that, thankfully, lack an army of substandard vocalists — I am forced to declare you WRONG WRONG WRONGETY WRONG.

But this is merely a minor offense.

In your article on the works of Alan Moore, you state that "V for Vendetta" is your favorite of Mr. Moore's works. I will not deny that "V" is a skillfully executed tale, with spectacular art by David Lloyd and a script that shows an impressive

ear for dialect and accent. However, in comparison to Mr. Moore's other work, I find it a little sophomoric and very heavy-handed. I agree, more or less, with your comments on "Watchmen," though I would not leap so quickly as did you to declare it over-rated. I would dare to say that your opinion of it is too shaded by its influence on comics in the late 1980s and early 90s. You are correct, also, in declaring "From Hell" a truly amazing book, though I was saddened to see that you gave artist Eddie Campbell the short shrift in your review, not naming him once. I also must criticize your brief gloss of "Promethea," which is not merely "good," but is, indeed, one of the best comic books currently in publication, and is a worthy heir to the themes of Neil Gaiman's now-classic "Sandman."

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You forgot "Mirademan". I am willing to accept but one excuse from you, sir, and that excuse must be that, given the exorbitant prices to which issues of that masterpiece soar, you were unable to find affordable copies. Indeed, until but a few weeks ago, I had not read "Mirademan" in its entirety. However, this explanation can only go so far. It will only excuse your article's lack of an in-depth review of the tale. But "Mirademan" receives nary a mention in your entire article! This sweeping deconstruction of the super hero's

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You forgot "Miracleman." I am willing to accept but one excuse from you, sir; and that excuse must be that, given the exorbitant prices to which issues of that masterwork soar, you were unable to find affordable copies. Indeed, until but a few weeks ago, I had not read "Miracleman" in its entirety. However, this explanation can only go so far; it will only excuse your article's lack of an in-depth review of the tale. But "Miracleman" receives nary a mention in your entire article! This sweeping deconstruction of the superhero

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continued from page 9

FEUDIN' 'BOUT THE 'FIELDS

genre; this poetic commentary on absolute power, free will, love, loss, and grief; this finest of "graphic novels" (I shudder to use the term in serious discourse, but it is nowhere more applicable than here!) — not once does its title appear in your article! And this, sir — this is your most unspeakable crime. It has led me to the following, now-thrice mentioned conclusion:

I must challenge you to a duel.

You have neglected one of Alan Moore's finest works, superior by any stretch of the imagination to the blunt and preachy "V for Vendetta," and in so doing you have insulted not only Mr. Moore, but myself and all those who respect his work on "Miracleman," and thus I demand satisfaction. I will be at Hampshire this weekend, and I insist upon setting this injustice right. I trust that you, as an honorable man, will respect my challenge. Until we meet, 'neath moonlight, at twenty paces, I remain,

Gabriel McKee
gpm97@hampshire.edu

My Dear Mr. McKee,

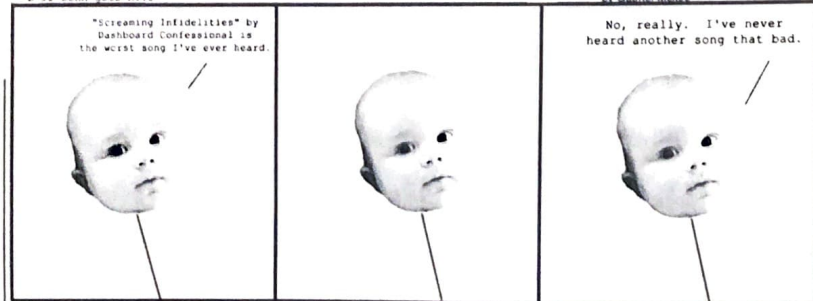
As I have nothing but the utmost respect for your taste, judgement, and overall good

sense, I sincerely regret that any misunderstanding may have arisen between us, yet I find that in all good conscience I cannot agree to your characterization of my opinions as, as you so eloquently put it, "WRONG WRONG WRONG." I will freely admit that many of the views of which you take offense could, perhaps be attributed to the follies of my wayward youth; nevertheless, I am forced to stand by the motivations behind them. While 69 Love Songs may indeed perhaps be more "filler" than "killer" (including, one might claim, nearly the entirety of the first disc), I still maintain that the "killer" material outshines anything else that I have encountered penned by the hand of Mr. Merritt. While I agree that in terms of perfection, the collections "Get Lost" and even perhaps "The Charm of the Highway Strip" (although the latter album has come into my possession too recently for me to be able to fully and accurately judge of its merits (pun un-intended)), outstrip the 69 Love Songs as a whole, or any of the individual volumes except perhaps the second, the filler on the latter album is almost uniformly entertaining and engaging, and its finest moments move me more

than anything to be found in any of the others. I must hold this the higher value. Although I might, perhaps, in theory agree with you on the matter of subpar guest vocalists, I find that in practical terms, when listening to the 69 Love Songs the ingenious wordcraft of Mr. Merritt holds me so enthralled I soon forget that any of the songs are sung by any other than the man himself. (Admittedly, my first exposure to the genius of the Magnetic Fields was through the second volume of the aforementioned "69 Love Songs" (an experience for which I shall forever be indebted to Ms. Eslao and Ms. Bell Wetheroth), and thus that work shall forever take first place in my heart). But I digress.

Although, due to the considerable amount of time that has elapsed, I do not recall the exact words used, I believe that a careful reading of my article will make it clear that I never once claimed that I considered "V for Vendetta" to be Mr. Moore's best work; indeed, I freely admit that according to most balanced and fair standards it may well be among his worst. It is indeed heavy-handed, preachy, and relatively lacking in the depth, richness, and complexity of nuance that

by Gabriel McKee



characterize the majority of his other works. Nevertheless, I still hold that "V for Vendetta" reigns supreme in producing a certain reaction in at least this reader which your esteemed colleague Zak Kauffman has aptly termed the "Hell Yeah!" response. I can think of few works in any medium that more fully evoke this response in me than this (others which fall into the same category include the movie "Fight Club" and certain Pixies songs) one. Additionally, the very lack of complexity of the work makes it among the most easily comprehensible in the author's output, making it, as I mentioned, an ideal starting point for readers new to Mr. Moore's work (the primary intended audience for my article). It was, indeed, the second work by Mr. Moore that I had the pleasure of reading, following "Watchmen", but it was the first that I truly loved, and it remains my sentimental favorite, despite the fact that "Watchmen" and many others must be deemed more impressive works of art. Indeed, I had much more respect for "Watchmen" thinking back and knowing it had been written by the author of "V" (I will also freely admit that, against my better judgment, I am a born sucker for anarchist

rant). The rest of my omissions can be simply accounted for by the following fact: in my article, due to considerations of space, I only attempted to speak of matters on which I felt I could pronounce an accurate judgment. Hence my omission of the brilliant work of Mr. Eddie Campbell in From Hell (I had only intended to speak of the work of Mr. Moore, although in retrospect I most certainly should have mentioned the astonishingly high quality, diversity, and overwhelming appropriateness of the art adorning all of his "graphic novels", "trade paperbacks", or what you will, a record, as far as I know unparalleled in the world of mainstream comics) and my brief gloss of Promethea (as I believe it is too early in its present run to be able to judge the work as a whole, although I most certainly agree with you that it is among the best, if not the best, comics currently being produced). Similarly in the case of my most grievous sin, the omission of "Miracleman." Quite simply, as you have presumed, I have never had the opportunity to read more than summaries. While I have long taken it on faith that this work is as transcendent and sublime as you claim, I did not feel

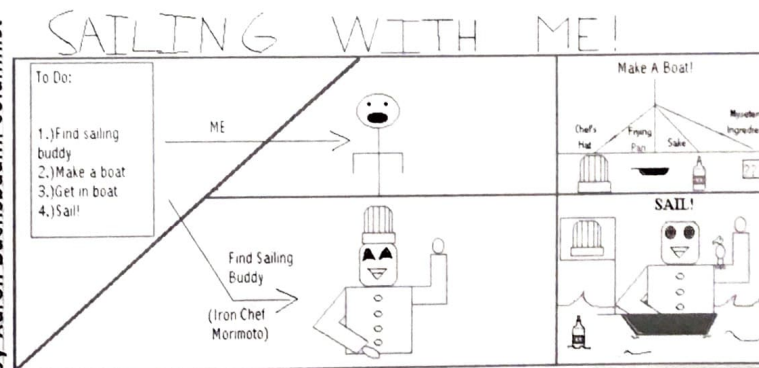
I had the right to write of something that I had never read, no matter how long I may have desired to. Indeed, I feel that your long and somewhat gloating post, to paraphrase the Princess Buttercup, mocks my pain at having never come across a copy, and hence I accept your challenge. Due to your time constraints as a visitor and your perhaps limited resources, I shall leave the choice of precise time, location, and weapons to you. My second and I shall be waiting.

Yours always,
Nicholas Moen
nmp99@hampshire.edu

Post Script: As I mentioned in the beginning, I sincerely regret the misunderstanding that has arisen between us and would like at all possible to avoid a violent outcome. Thus, if you were by some chance able to procure a copy of Miracleman that you would be willing to lend to me for some small time in order to allow me to correct the error of my ways, I would be willing not only forgive all, but to apologize myself and proclaim to the world that you are indeed that which I persist in believing you to be, a capital fellow.



by Aaron Buchsbaum, columnist



CURMUDGEONS AND CIGARS

to the faculty that they could answer the question or write about it and so forth and so on.

SH: We know you don't like the first year plan. What do you like least about it and how you intend to get around it?

LM: What do I like least about it? Well there are lots and lots of bad things about it. As one of my colleagues pointed out, the dean of the faculty wants every faculty member to be engaged in 100 level courses. There are a great number of faculty at the college who have never taught a 100 level course, and are not interested in teaching introductory courses and who have not been able to be persuaded or forced to teach 100 level courses. So the plan, if it works (we hope), will have faculty who are not interested in teaching 100 level courses working with first year students, and it's supposed to improve everybody's retention rate. So that's one of the crazy aspects of it.

The thing I dislike the most however is the fact that I haven't seen the prose for the new catalog description, it isn't available, they're still fighting about the new evaluation system and until they get that new evaluation system set on, they don't have any prose. The tenor of all the meetings was that the faculty did not want to do independent study work with students. The vast majority of faculty voted it down. But we claim that we're going to encourage students to do independent work sooner or later. So my argument is if you don't teach students how to

independent work at the 100 level through Division I examinations, for example, they're going to be piss poor division three students because they've never done anything like that. So I'm really worried that independent study will disappear. From the college at large it might completely.

So what am I going to do to have students in my seminars do independent study? Well I can't get them to do division one exams any more; they're going

'Alright god-damned Miller, you taught me that I was just hanging around the college doing nothing.'

to disappear. What I'm going to do is I'm going to set up every course as a seminar and as an independent study. The student can take the course and they also enroll in a separate course, independent study, which will be two of the four courses they need to take every semester. Guess what the independent study would be? The same thing as an NS Division I exam. My intent is to force the students to go find the literature that they're interested in or the question they want to answer and try to answer it. So if I can do that I can keep the best part of the old model for 100 level courses because I don't think that most entering students at Hampshire or any other college can really do four solid courses and get anything out of them but a grade.

In other words I have always

told all of my advisees the rules say sign up for four courses, I know. I say sign up for six and end up with three and then work your butt off in those three courses, so you have some real sense of accomplishment. Requiring students to take four courses and pass four courses for the first two semesters means that the third semester which is now going to be the transition from Div I (keep the name without the substance) to Div II, but half the students in the college will still not have finished eight courses. And with good reason because we are not teaching them the skills. How do you teach them the skills? Well other faculty claim they can do that in groups, I'm only capable of doing it one on one.

BD: You have quite the reputation for breaking first years and making them cry. How much truth is there to this? Are first year tears the source of your energy?

LM: Well you see, you'd have to ask the students in my first year courses, and you would have to ask my advisees for example. You see I get advisees assigned to me and most of them stay with me, but many people ask me to be their advisor because of various things out there. All of that stuff that's out there, if you track it down to the source of the rumor, is done by somebody who has never had a course with me, who doesn't know me. They've just inherited the rumor from the previous years.

Students do cry in my office every now and then, I'm sure they cry in every other faculty member's office every now and

continued on next page

Boy on a Stick and Slither present "Then and Now"

I think, at this point, Jesus is more popular than The Beatles.



Yeah.

I wonder who will win?

Search me.

Jesus.

The Beatles.

boasas.com

Steven L. Cloud ©2002

continued from previous page

then. Sometimes, it's from what I've said or done. But usually, when I do something like that to a student they get really angry rather than sobbing and tell me to go take a walk and so forth and so on. Interestingly enough that usually means the student works their butt off in my course to prove that I'm wrong.

I had one student who came in, a second or third year student, she desperately needed a Division I exam in Natural Science and as usual I hand out

all the things I require like citations and so forth and so on. She turned in an essay that was very high schoolish and I said do you have my hand out on how to write and cite the literature? She said 'Yes,' and I said 'Did you read it?' and she said 'Fine, I'll read it.' I said 'can you read?' At that point in time she blew up, she stalked out of my office, and she wrote me a nasty and wonderful e-mail.

At the end of the term she had finished a very good Division I exam and in her self-evaluation

it started out 'Alright god-damned Miller, you taught me that I was just hanging around the college doing nothing.' She subsequently got much better at everything she did because she started thinking here I am paying all this money, my parents are paying all this money, I might do something.

Stay tuned for next week's installment, where Lynn Miller talks about why he hates dogs!



continued from page 4

THE HAMPSHIRE DICTIONARY

on campus mistake homage and influence for appropriation.

Homage: Special acknowledgment or respect shown or expressed publicly to persons whose influence an artist wishes to honor.

Also appropriation is not the sign of the devil as any English teacher worth their salt can tell you, "A literary event can continue to have an effect only if those who come after it still or once again respond to it - if there are readers who again appropriate the past work or authors who want to imitate, outdo or refute it." (Jean Marsden). Without appropriation literature works would become uninteresting and lose their effect to stimulate human

thought and creativity.

Paradigm: an example that serves as a pattern or model.

Know it and use it correctly. Also a charming alternative to paradigm in some cases is paragon. Exxon is a paradigm of bad business practices. Media services is the paragon of customer service.

Ideology: the body of ideas reflecting the social needs of an individual, group, class or culture.

Okay, note the word "body", meaning in this case more than one. Ideologies are complex, which is why we study them. Also no where in the definition does it say that only Republicans or people who shop at the Gap have them.

Yurt: a circular, domed, portable tent used by the nomadic Mongols of central Asia.

The "Yurt" media center is neither a tent nor portable, and only kind of circular. It's a modern interpretation of a yurt, which is cool in its own right.

Peremptory: Precluding further debate or action. Not allowing contradiction or refusal. Imperious: dictatorial.

Let's use that last one in a sentence, kids. While many students wish to open up discussion on varied political and intellectual issues on campus, some groups perempt any real dialogue in order to protect their idealistic ideologies.



continued from page 3

THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME

what would your sources be? The *Forward*? The *Phoenix* (the newspaper before the *Forward*, which died and was not reborn)? Somehow I don't think any of Hampshire's newspapers saw fit to report on the Beetle's stunning team-up with Hank Newcastle at the WWC's *Kickin' Ass On The Grass 3*, and frankly that's the kind of event that needs reporting.

Fortunately for us lazy students, we have Susan Dayall, Hampshire's Archivist. Thanks to her we have *A Documentary History of Hampshire College*, which compiles a variety of fascinating primary sources about Hampshire. From Dean Smith's 1970 report on the I Ching's auspices vis-a-vis Hampshire government ("One

must draw on the strength of the inner attitude to compensate for what is lacking in externals; then the power of the content makes up for the simplicity of form") to the demands of the students who took over Cole in 1992 ("11. THAT THE STUDENTS THAT HAVE PARTICIPATED IN THIS TAKE-OVER BE GIVEN REASONABLE EXTENSIONS FOR COMPLETING COURSEWORK"), this history will tell you more about Hampshire's history than you can probably stand to

know.

I think you owe it to yourself as a Hampshire student to give both these documents a look, via the Web links I have provided with this article. And remember, a smarmy liberal arts college that does not know its history is doomed to repeat it. I think President Longworth who said that. Or possibly the Olsen Twins, who will be attending this college in the fall if I'm not mistaken.



Web Links

A History of Student Activity and Achievement at Hampshire

<http://helios.hampshire.edu/~alumni30/shary/i.html>

Hampshire College Archives Online

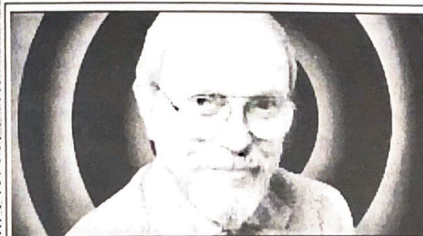
<http://library.hampshire.edu/archives/>



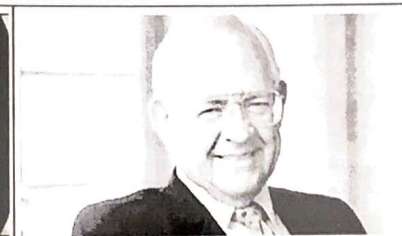
THE YEAR THAT IS 2002

By Michael Benni Pierce, Former Editor-in-Chief

As the harsh winds of time blow, I cannot help but look back at what 2002 has dealt us thus far. And I'm not talking about the War on Terrorism or the Grammys or 40 Days 40 Nights. No. I am, of course, referring to the deaths of two very famous men. Men who dedicated their lives to the happiness of others. Men with visions that took years to realize, but will last beyond their demise. These two men, rest in peace, were Chuck Jones and Dave Thomas.



Chuck Jones passed away on February 22 of congestive heart failure in his Corona del Mar home. As some of you may or may not know, Chuck Jones created over 300 animations, winning 3 Oscars throughout his 60-year career. He brought to life such famous cartoons as Bugs Bunny, Porky Pig, and Daffy Duck. And he loved every minute of it. On his internet page, Chuck wrote, "Animation isn't the illusion of life. It is life."



Dave Thomas died of liver cancer on January 8th at the age of 69. He was remembered as a simple man who worked hard and used common sense to build his own fast food restaurant into the third-largest chain: Wendys. There are now more than 6,000 restaurants across the globe. Dave was even more well known for his television commercials. Having appeared in over 800 lighthearted ads, the man became a household name.



With 2002 averaging a death a month, I have no choice but to conclude that 2002 will be the Year of Death. Ten more deaths are imminent before the year is up. But who will be next? What celebrities are standing on death's door? If I had to put my money on celebrities on their way out, I'd have to say: Bob Hope (99%), James Doohan (88%), Dr. Ruth (71%), Queen Elizabeth II (68%), James Earl Jones (55%), Michael Douglas (42%), Ronald McDonald (37%), Babe: Pig in the City (23%), Trey Parker and Matt Stone (18%), Bea Arthur (14%), and Billy Bob Thornton (10%). The list goes on, but even these are just predictions. I may be wrong, but heed my words, 2002 will not be a year for those who are faint of heart. Grow strong, and willing to accept the worst, because you too may wake up one day and find that your celebrity reason for living no longer exists.

God bless Dave Thomas and Chuck Jones. And if, for some reason, they decide to duke it out in heaven, I hope that it's a tie, and the two men reconcile their differences while eating Wendy's cheeseburgers and watching "Knighty Knight Bugs."





SECTION ULTIMATE



articles about
Ultimate Frisbee...
and nothing else

JESUS: THE MISSING YEARS

Ever since the Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered in a cave at Qumran in 1947, there has been a new study of the missing years of Jesus. It has always been more than a slightly sketchy decision by Matt, Mark, Luke, and John to leave out the adolescence and young adulthood of their Messiah. What happened between his Birth in Bethlehem and his showing up at age thirty three on the banks of the River Jordan to be baptized by John the Baptist? Remarkable new insights into these missing years have recently been pieced together by Christian, Catholic, Jewish, and Discip

scholars from fragments found at Qumran. I present a summary of the only known Auto-Biography of Jesus.

"It's been rough lately. I have had a hard time picking a club team. Joseph says I don't spend enough time practicing my carpentry, but I think carpentry is outdated, and not where my future lies. I just want to play Disc. The Galilean team 'Sexy Helen' is great, but I don't know how I feel playing with all those gentiles. I mean they think scubbers are legitimate throws, not in My Kingdom kids. I have been picking up in Tiberius and Sephoris some too. It is only a two day walk from Nazareth, where I live with my mother Mary and all my brothers and sisters. I have figured that if I just make a loop between every pickup

game in Judea I can walk one day, play ultimate on the next for 7 whole days. I feel bad for breaking the Sabbath but one has to have their priorities straight. The only problem walking between cities is all the riff raff you pick up along the way. 'Heal me this.' 'You are the Messiah that,' it really takes my mind off my game. Carrying my spiky sandals and discs from town to town I have no room for much else, but I have learned that hammering a disc at thieves is a good way to get them off

my back. I really like this life, and you meet Disc players all over, as fishermen, farmers, and even in the city. Sometimes a whole band of them comes with me. What a posse we make; sometimes even 13 big. If we are lucky other disc players invite us to dinner after a game, it really is a tight group. Tomorrow I head back to Jerusalem to play in the Judean sectionals with the team I am probably going to be choosing, DoG. They have great spirit and fuckin great after parties. Oh yah, all the guys have started calling me the Christ-factor, but that is another story altogether."

At last, a real account as to how the Lord and Savior spent his formative years, much like most kids; bumming around, seeing the sights, and doing what he loved. Finally we know what that round glowing circle around Jesus' head really was!

by Scholar and Disc Master Mara Brownsmith, contributor



A PEACE ON ULTIMATE

ul-ti-mate adj 1d: the best of bounds or being (unintentionally) fouled. This Spirit-of-the-Game is so apparent at any Ultimate event that one can almost smell it in the air.

When you step onto a field there is a sense that you are entering another world and, well, it's because you are. You leave behind a convoluted and abused set of rules, both enumerated and ethical, and you enter a much purer place and time. Desire becomes the driving force, the "ultimate" force so to speak. A player desires not only to perform at his or her best mentally and physically, but also to earn the respect of fellow players by living up to *Spirit-of-the-Game*.

Everyone is welcome on an Ultimate field: young or old, male or female, experienced or not. Most experienced players are more than happy to teach beginners or give them hints or lessons because they realize how much Ultimate can affect one's life in a positive way. But even more than skills that are specific to the game, are general qualities of life that can be found on a field. Obviously, there is a great deal of fitness that comes with regular and challenging play. Despite what some may think, Ultimate is a very intellectual game as well. It requires on-the-fly strategic spatial analysis. One must know where one's own body is

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FALLING DOWN

One lesson one should learn at an early age is that falling is not something one is meant to do. Falling can result in confusion, humiliation, personal injury, and possibly death. Fortunately this is exactly the lesson I did not learn as a child, and as a result I have been forced to pursue the only two activities where a proclivity towards prostration is admired to the point of worship, ultimate and drinking.

In the realm of drinking such activities are only truly admired through the lense of true drunkenness, where one can appreciate fully how incredible it is that anyone can maintain their balance in a world so prone to pitch and yaw, and how admirable a quality it is in a person to

Somewhat less fortunate was the beautifully twisted angle which my leg had acquired.

succumb to the urge to simply let the dance of the earth embrace you. Under these conditions I think all would agree that a controlled descent is appropriate. To those more sober such weakness in the face of the apparently bearable forces of gravity may come across as laughable. To those I recommend a stiff drink, or twenty.

In the realm of Ultimate, falling is more universally acceptable, but also more dangerous. Part of this is due to the momentum one thrusts one's body into the ground with, part is due to the tendency to have one's arms extended leaving the torso vulnerable to the full force of the impact, but mostly it is because you are not drunk.

The key moment of childhood that should have awakened me to the dangers of uncontrolled descent occurred when I was one year old. My parents had left me to nap on an oversized (by one year old standards) bed with beautiful wooden carvings. I tossed and turned in my sleep, haunted by the troubles of a one year old white male, and before long was plummeting floorward. Fortunately my fall was swiftly halted by the beautiful wooden carvings.

Somewhat less fortunate was the beautifully twisted angle which my leg had acquired, an angle I would have never been able to achieve beforehand, as it bent at a place where I had previously had no joint. When help arrived I tried to explain to them that I wasn't a fool and not to worry about my intelligence, I was merely drunk.

My experience falling increased over the years, plummeting from still more beds, once onto the floor of a Vanagan, numerous trips on uneven terrain, a couple of sliding falls on muddy or icy days, and your standard slew of collapse due to an momentary lack of any sort of regard for which way up might be.

Finally, one fine Fall day, I meandered my way, almost entirely uncoincidentally, down to the Ultimate Frisbee fields of our fair campus. I found before me scores of beautiful people, throwing disks and retrieving

them again from midair -- from mid-air -- before they had even landed, and all with the most graceful acts and co-ordinated movements. I watched one young woman chase a disk which seemed certain to elude her, but amazingly one foot fell squarely before the last at a break neck walk, and she grasped the disk mere feet over the ground.

As I was gawking at this gazellesquian ballet before me, I was pulled from my stupor by a man's voice shouting in a friendly but concerned voice "HEADS!" I spun quickly around and found that this man was looking at me with his one huge pupil-less eye glistening over a smile.

Slowly the eye began to drift over to the side of his head and extend past it on the right. At this point I realized this was not a cyclops placed here to complete my collection of experience leading me to believe I may be the reincarnation of Odysseus, but that what appeared to be an eye was in fact a plastic disk of the same kind I had just seen so perfectly retrieved. As I became aware of all this, however, the disk was swaying ever farther from its course towards me, and banking swiftly to my right.

Keen to earn the trust and respect of all those on the field, most particularly the young woman mentioned previously, I took off in the direction most likely to intersect with the disk. The disk continued to plummet, approaching the ground faster and faster, now two feet, now one, now six mere inches.

I lost hope. Ultimate is not

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TAO TE DISK

by Andrew Younkins, contributor

The Disk that can be hucked is not the enduring and unchanging Disk. The Pattern that can be run is not the enduring and unchanging Pattern.

All in the world know the beauty of the hot D-block, and in doing this they have an idea of what not covering your man is; all the know the skill of the really accurate hammer, and in doing this they have an idea of what a really shitty hammer is.

So it is that Disk and non-Disk give birth the one to the idea of the other; that good cuts and bad cuts produce one the idea of the other.

To those who throw me level flicks I throw level flicks, and thus all learn to throw level flicks. To those who give me good, fast cuts out of the stack I give good, fast cuts out of the stack, and thus all learn to give good, fast cuts out of the stack.

The Skillful Masters of the Disk in old times, with subtle and exquisite play, comprehended its mysteries, and went deep so as to elude men's coverage. As they were thus beyond ordinary men's knowledge, I will make an effort to describe of what sort they appeared to be.

In the highest antiquity, the team did not know it had captains. In the next age they loved them and gave them the swing pass. In the next they waxed vain and wouldn't pass to their captains at all. In the next they hated them. Thus it was that when faith in the Disk was deficient a want of faith ensued on the part of the team.

When the Great Disk ceased to be observed, showiness and freestyling

came into vogue. Then appeared strategy and crafty defenses, and there ensued great hypocrisy. When harmony no longer prevailed throughout the Seven Teammates, team hierarchy found its manifestation; when the team was benighted, people yelling, "Last back! Last back!" appeared.

When the Great Disk ceased to be observed, showiness and freestyling came into vogue.

I have heard that he who is skillful in managing the disk entrusted to him for a time sprints about the field without having to shun defenders, and can enter a crowd and pull his disk down. No way can be found to block his pass, anticipate his cuts, or beat him to the disk.

Why? Because there is in him no place for loss!



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the sport for me, I thought. The gods have put before me a very simple task to test me. Catch this one disk, and you are ultimate material; fail, and you will never be a true member of the team. As these thoughts distracted me from the task at hand I forgot entirely about aligning my feet on different axes as they accelerated in opposite directions, and immediately a collision occurred at some where around the ankle area.

I felt myself plummet towards the ground once more, and as

visions of carved bed frames and cramped family camping vehicles flashed through my head I threw my hands above my head in exasperation, and clenched them in rage. I arose from my spill and was about to try to explain the fall by saying I had been drinking heavily that morning, when I saw the young man running up to me yelling, "Dude, that was Haught! It's called LAY-ING-OUT man!"

After this the man, whom I now realized bore much more striking resemblance to

a leprechaun than a cyclops, launched into a monologue lasting most of the rest of the afternoon in which all the rules of Ultimate were explained. But the thing which really stuck with me, was the fact that in Ultimate falling down is good, it is supreme, and people will love you forever for it. For the last three years I have been pursuing this sport, and particularly the art of falling with style, with function, and with at least a little bit of mud and blood.



HAMPSHIRE HAS SPORTS?

by Jesse Oates, contributor

Now, are you one of the people who if asked about sports at Hampshire, responds with "Well, we don't really have any"? I find that many people here are under the impression that we do not have any sports teams here, and that "jocks" would not want to attend our unique institution. Well, I am one of those few people at Hampshire who for one realizes that we do have sports, and also one of the few who actively participates.

The recent production the "naked frisbee" calendar has probably helped boost recognition of Red Scare. That is the institution that I would like to discuss today. For those of you not aware, Red Scare is the Hampshire Ultimate Frisbee team. We are a coed team that plays all year long, rain or shine (we love the mud), though the snow does drive us inside to play in the gym. During the agreeable weather we are at tournaments pretty much every weekend.

We practice hard, play hard, and have so much fun doing it. This is what drew me in. I came to Hampshire having played pickup games of Ultimate, but never understood the true extent of the dedication and competition of some players. Once I got here I

learned of this wonderful world that I never knew existed.

The spirit of the team is incredible. Let us take the calendar for an example. Not only were all of those people willing to bare themselves to the camera, for the good of the team, but some were willing to abuse themselves as well. There were a few men (they know who they are) who repeatedly threw themselves at the ground, naked mind you, going after the disc and that perfect layout. Now that is dedication.

And, it is not just Hampshire players who have this dedicated love of the game. All the teams out there that we play show the same spirit and passion. Can you imagine what it feels like to travel to a tournament where there are ten other teams all there to play as hard as they can while having as much fun as they can? Now, of course we all want to win, but it is not about winning, it is about playing.

The rules are pretty basic, but learning the nuances of the game are what make you a good player. I watch people reading the path of the disc and knowing where they should be and where their mark is going to be, and I am constantly amazed. I am beginning to understand the currents of the game and instead of feeling lost

among the other thirteen people on the field, I am able to plan where I should run to or where I should throw to. All of this might sound obvious, but it is a great feeling to realize that you are seeing things that you never saw before and reading the game.

After playing indoor for a month now, I played a game of indoor soccer with the women's team. I have played with the team here for two years as well as playing during high school and middle school. I play defense. When I started playing in high school my coach put me at sweeper and I have played in the back ever since.

Tonight was the first game I played since the end of the season last semester, and I had not touched ball during that time. I have been playing with a flat ball in my hands. I was a little nervous about how I was going to do. I surprised myself and did well. I felt confident and found that I was reading the ball better, as well as the other players.

Much to my amazement I realized that playing frisbee has improved my soccer skills. Soccer will always be a sport I enjoy. But, coming home after a full day of frisbee will be a hard feeling to beat.



THE LAYOUT, FRISBEE'S TRUE ORGASM

I believe in moments of true greatness humans can attain them everyday I think you'll call me a cheeseball but I think there are some times when we stop focusing everything I think people, you or me can make that leap that means no regret I think we get too bogged down planning our next penetrating cut I think we forget the true joy that comes with unabashed release I think when you let go of rationality you leave behind your mortal skin I think when you overcome your fear your adrenal gland knows it and thanks you I think that when you are most true in desire your body reacts divine I think when your body explodes like that, baby the earth moves me too I think there is no think when man is most like a god "there is only do"



ULTIMATE FRISBEE: THE SPORT OF THE PEOPLE

by Lorene E. Howell, contributor

I admit that when I decided to play Ultimate in high school, it was for the people who played. No matter how you put it, they were the cool people and I wanted to be friends with them. Playing Ultimate was the way to do it. Once I started, I found that it was also great to play Ultimate, not just to meet people through playing. I have since found that wherever I play Ultimate, the people are fantastic. This pushes me to ask the question: Is Ultimate great because of the players or are the players great because of the sport?

I claim that Ultimate is great because of five reasons. They are:

Spirit of the Game: Every person who comes out to play Ultimate should learn this one thing before they even pick up a disc. This central part of the game states that there are no officials, meaning players make their own calls. Players also have a general sense of respect for each other by telling them when there is a turn-over or by helping them up when they've made a bid (see layouts).

Intense Play: Wherever I play Ultimate, I find people who demand very highly of themselves both as players and as a part of a team. The intensity I feel when I walk on a field is thick with sweat, blood and sometimes even tears. It's in the eyes of every player. Whether you just scored or you were just schooled, you are ready for the next point, the next hand block, the next endzone layout.

Camaraderie: There is

an automatic bond between Ultimate players simply because they are just that, players of the best sport on the face of the earth. When you meet another Ultimate player, you automatically have a number of "inside jokes" and the shared knowledge that you are part of something so sweet that you can only be a player to understand its beauty.

Layouts: A layout is when a player throws him/herself horizontally in the direction of the disc being thrown to them. It is greatly respected and the person who did it will be regarded highly. It is best to catch the disc but it is not always necessary in order to receive praise. A layout on a defensive play is even better.

Community: I consider Ultimate players my family. There is no need to say anything else.

As you may have noticed, the reasons listed above all include mention of a player's

It is best to catch the disc but it is not always necessary in order to receive praise.

commitment to the game. This is because the players bring to the game a special sense of commitment and love of the game. The type of person that is drawn to the game is generally caring but with a desire to get hard core on the field and express themselves there. The sport would not be the same if played by football players or baseball players. It's the Ultimate players that make the game.

However, not all Ultimate

players are like that. Some of them take advantage of being allowed to make their own calls. Others are just plain rude. Some even foul intentionally. But those that exist are so few in number that it is incredibly unlikely to encounter one. At a one day tournament, you may play one team that has one nasty person on their team. But this person will go down in history on your team and everyone knows that person is something to strive away from. These players are the ones that everyone else sees as an example of what not to be, how not to play. I see them as reminders. When I play against one of these people, I feel that my own sense of spirit of the game and respect for other players increases tremendously. So, in a way, these people are there as reminders of the heart of the game.

Therefore, it can be seen that Ultimate players and Ultimate itself could not exist in their current form without each

other. It is the player that makes the game and the game that makes the player. And when they are combined, when there are 14 players mixed

with a playing field, cones, spirit, intensity, heart, and layouts, to taste, it's a recipe of the gods. When spring comes, this magic will not only exist in the RCC. It will permeate throughout the entire campus when we return outdoors. I can already smell it in the air.



KAMA DISCRA, THE ULTIMATE HANDBOOK

Ultimate players get more booty than anyone else on campus. Its probably because there is nothing sexier than a layout across the goal line for the winning point. Even the other team wants you then. But seriously, why are ultimate players so hot? As any player knows, just look to Ultimate Frisbee to guide you in the maze of love. I have translated these points from the ancient Kama Discra as a guide to help you on your path. Just as there are seven players on a team, so are there seven sacred Kama Discra rules:

1. Jersey's do not make the player, but it improves ones chances.
2. Nakedness makes everyone happy.
3. One hand is good, but two hands are better.
4. The best position for a lay is horizontal, but one must consider other possibilities.
5. Mud is the Ultimate lubricant, it makes lays so much easier!
6. Co-ed is much better, but same sex is good too.
7. Ones movement should be in and out, straight and fast.

Wait, is that last one right? Maybe it should be "hard and fast," I always forget. Oh, my co-captain tells me that #7 is right for ultimate, but wrong for loving. Maybe that is why... umm, nevermind. Lets talk about something else.

We have come up with an excellent way to cheaply install lights on the field. Gregg Prince promised us lights if we won the game. We did, but no lights are

to be had. We have decided to procure the lights by ourselves. Or rather, by exploiting kids. The simple truth is that kids like to do cool things with older kids. And there is a bunch of them over at the children's center just waiting to do something more interesting than participate in Carter's child psychology studies. So here is what we are going to do: After selling our naked bodies in the frisbee calendar, we will purchase four lights to light the fields. But we need someone to dig the holes, so we get the kids from the children's center to come over to the fields, telling them we are going to dig a hole to China! Kids love doing this, I did it several times myself. On a rotating 16 hour schedule, we will have the holes dug in about a week. Then, and this is the best part, we all go play frisbee while our friends take the kids into the holes, blindfold them, and then pick them up by their feet, take off the blindfolds, and swing them upside down, saying, "look! We're in China! Those are Chinese frisbee players. See their commie jerseys?" Since the kids are on the opposite side of the earth, they will expect to be upside down from all the other people. About when the kids start getting sick from being swung around, drop them back in the

holes, take off the blindfolds, and help them back out, so they can go tell mommy and daddy about their trip to China where the sky is under you and the people wear red communist jerseys and run upside down on the ground while they play frisbee.

And then there is Community Council. They owe Red Scare Ultimate roughly \$1,000, which came directly from our own pockets. Come on now, we submitted the receipts and RFP's about oh, FOUR MONTHS ago. Where's our money? I know, I know, somehow you don't have it because the administration owes you money, but what the hey? We might have to open up a can of whoopass on more than just Amherst High School if we don't get reimbursed soon. Don't you fools know that people only come here to play Ultimate? We are the biggest group on campus, bigger than SHS (squirrel hugging students), but that's probably because they keep dying of rabies. You must die! We alone are best!

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by Jake Thomas, contributor

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KAMA DISCRA

Disc, baby, disc, baby,
Fast as you huck it hit me,
Can you lay out in the rough
As only Hampshire sings about
So put your hands in the air
And I bet you'll feel disc
Yes we're RED, Yes we're SCARE
And we're getting ten D-blocks
You're running fast, just out of touch
You catch it, tough, you're out of bounds
We want you smothered, want you covered
Like our defense when "Up!" sounds
Movin' quicker than my dog rex
Comin' quicker than in sex
Just like EZ with no socks
You are inclined
to make me rise an hour early
just like any tournament time
Throw it now

You and me baby ain't nothin' but players
So let's do it like they do on the Ultimate Field
Throw it again now
You and me baby ain't nothin' but players
So let's do it like they do on the Ultimate Field
Horizontal now

Bids, the kind you make
When your best friend hucks it
Like the lost discs in Greenwich
Who knows where's the full ice bucket
End zone layouts, if you're hurt just stay out
We're goin' down to New Jersey
But I got this notion
That the sand and the ocean means
Spring break trip to play at sea
So if we throw disc through your zone
Defense at times we'll catch in the endzone
Please lead me on
I'm Fortunat
With an automatic catch
So throw me yours, I'll throw you mine
That's fine
Your loving up with style
And then we'll play it for a while
So we can both catch profile

You and me baby ain't nothin' but players
So let's do it like they do on the Ultimate Field
Throw it again now
You and me baby ain't nothin' but players
So let's do it like they do on the Ultimate Field
Hornizontal now



DISC HAIKU

Jesus played disc too
I know because I asked him
Do not ask me how

He is our mascot
Do not get the wrong idear now
He is also mine

Every month brings more
Ultimate players are hott!
Can not wait for March

Playing with comrades
Every weekend for three months
Cant wait for outdoor

Why am I naked?
Now I can't run for office
For love of the game

Greg Prince, You bastard
Illumination we desire
You denied us it

Anticipation
The all desired jerseys
Only six more weeks

by Mara Brownsmith, contributor

ULTIMATE TERMS

Away. The side of the field opposite to where your team has piled its gear. To force away would be to force the thrower to throw toward the away side of the field. [see home, force]

backhand. a standard throw; right-handed player places thumb on top of disc, curls fingers underneath, extends arm to left side of body.

blade. a throw that goes high in the air and curves hard toward the ground on its edge.

break-force. a throw which moves the disc to an area of the field away from where the marker is forcing the thrower. [also break, break-mark, break the force; see force, line]

chilly. to slow down play and not throw the disc away by being hasty. [also "chilly-o"]

clear. to run out of the passing lanes in order to avoid clogging after an unsuccessful cut.

clog. to prevent good cuts by standing in the way of your teammates and not clearing.

cup. in a zone defense when two or more defensive players mark the thrower and move with the disc when it is thrown. [see mark, zone]

deep. 1 a defensive or offensive player who generally stays in the area of field furthest toward the endzone to be scored in. 2 v. to run toward your endzone as an offensive player.

disc. the "Frisbee" used in Ultimate with an official weight of 175 grams.

drop. when a defender falls back to cover the deepest cutting receiver, leaving the thrower or another receiver to be covered

hopefully by another defender.

dump. 1 to pass the disc backwards. 2 an offensive player positioned as to receive a dump pass.

fake. a motion made by the thrower to cause his mark to believe he is going to throw one direction instead of another.

flick. a throw similar to skipping a stone across water where the thrower holds the disc with the thumb on top of the disc and the first two or three fingers underneath. [also forearm]

flow. when the offensive team connects a number of passes together to advance the disc toward the endzone they are attacking.

force. when a defensive player positions in such a way as to allow the thrower to only be able to throw the disc to one part of the field. [see away, home, middle]

forehand. same as flick. gratuitous. used to describe a showoff move (e.g. layout, hammer) that, while impressive, was not remotely necessary. ("He had an easy bid, but he went for the gratuitous layout") [also "showboat"]

give'n'go. when two players pass the disc back and forth repeatedly as they move forward.

go through. called out to advise a player not to pick up the disc off the ground after a turnover but to run forward and allow the disc to be picked up by a player further back.

hammer. an overhead throw with a forearm grip in which the disc is released at an angle so that it flattens out and flies upside down. [also scoober, thumber]

handler. 1 one of a team's primary throwers. 2 in a standard zone offense, one of the three players who swing the disc from one side of the field.

home. the side of the field where your team has piled its gear. To force home would be to force the thrower to throw toward the home side of the field. [see away, force]

hospital disc. a high floating pass which has the effect of bringing two or more players together into a collision as they sky for the disc.

huck. a long throw, equivalent to a long bomb in football.

inside-out. as a backhand, a throw to the right that curves left; as a forehand, a throw to the left that curves right.

layout. the act of diving while running in order to catch a disc out of your ordinary reach. ("If you didn't catch it, you should have laid out")

line. when each team stands in a row at the front of their endzones at the start of each point so that the players of the other team can choose their mark ("Hey you guys, hold the line!")

man. defensive strategy where each player picks one player from the opposing team to defend

mark. in a man-on defense the player of the opposing team that each player pairs up with to defend and the act of defending against that player.

marker. the defense player that covers the thrower within three meters

mid. 1 a receiver who cuts for shorter passes than the long [see long] 2 in zone play, the defensive

players in the area immediately behind the cup.

middle. 1 the center area of the field. ("Let's force middle") [see away, force, home]

outside-in. as a backhand, a throw to the left that curves right; as a forehand, a throw to the right that curves left.

pick. an unintentional block where a player gets between you and the player you are covering.

poach. 1 the act of leaving your mark during man-on defense in order to cover an area of the field. [see man-on] 2 any player who attempts this act.

popper. in a zone, an offensive player that cuts in and out for a short pass.

pull. the long (hopefully) throw that begins the possession after each point.

push. pass a slow moving forehand throw that spins in the opposite direction as a flick.

read. the art of judging the precise landing spot of the disc through observation of angle of the disc, speed, direction of travel and wind effect in order to perfect a catch or block. ("Nice read!")

savage. playing without subs.

scoober. a fast, difficult to intercept throw. Similar to a hammer, a scoober is thrown with all wrist and no arm. [see hammer, thumber] "The scoober is a legitimate throw!" —Mr. Anderson spirit. The spirit of

sportsmanship which places the responsibility for fair play on the player. Highly competitive play is encouraged, but never at the expense of the bond of mutual respect between players, adherence to the agreed upon rules of the game, or the basic joy of play.

stack. offensive strategy in which all the players line up down the middle of the field and alternately make cuts out of the stack to be open receivers.

stall count. the defensive player counts out loud to ten while marking the thrower. The offensive player must throw the disc before the first utterance of the word ten otherwise it's a turnover.

strip. when a defensive player knocks or takes the disc out of an offensive player's hands.

swill. a bad throw.

swing. 1 to pass the disc laterally. 2 a player positioned to receive a swing pass. [see dump, zone]

turnover. possession changing to the opposing team during play.

taco. 1 bent disc that wobbles in the air when thrown. 2 any damaged disc.

thumber. a throw similar to the hammer but the disc is held with the thumb underneath. [see hammer, scoober]

trap. to force an offensive player who has possession of

the disc at a sideline to only be able to throw along that sideline. [see force]

ultimate. Ultimate is a non-contact sport played by two seven player teams. The disc may only be moved by passing as the thrower is not allowed to take any steps. Any time a pass is incomplete, intercepted, knocked-down, or contacts an out-of-bounds area, a turnover occurs, it results in an immediate change of possession of the disc. A goal is scored when a player successfully passes the disc to a teammate in the endzone which that team is attacking.

up! called aloud by defensive players to alert teammates that the disc is in the air.

world's greatest. where a player leaps from in-bounds and while in the air catches and throws the disc to a teammate before landing out of bounds, and by doing so the receiver's team maintains possession. As the name implies, it is "the greatest" play in Ultimate.

zone. a defensive strategy characterized by one or more players on the defensive team not marking a player on the opposing team, but an area. [see cup, long, mid]

—provided by Ultiingo.com— visit this site for further information on Ultimate terms



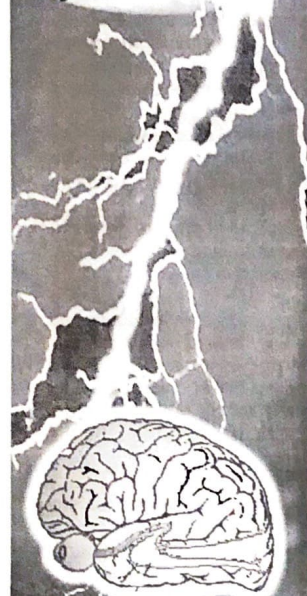
ON THE SICKLE AND HAMMER IN FRISBEEAN TERMS

Few things, I tell you, are more beautiful than a perfectly round disc... flying into your awaiting arms... having beaten your honorable foe in the end zone. Such beauty is the beauty embodied by the perfectly curved, easily handled tool of the working man going for his goal... and his team — that is the sickle. The sweet caress of the plastic spinning on my finger tips; the soft wiring like the

well-oiled machines of the proletariat: oh glorious ultimate... your spirit strikes my heart and makes it pound. Such power is the power of the hammer. Hammer and Sickle!!!! Powerful Spirit and Inspiring Beauty!!!! May your symbolic power carry us to victory for the spirit of all!!!! Of Ultimate!!!! Of RED SCARE!!!! Disc-heads of the world Unite!!!! RED SCARE!!!!



SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

STARK RAVING

The world is different for the blind. It is not a pace of color, of shape and texture.

It is not the world of light that my friends live in. It is a world of scent and sound; a world of feeling. A world of taste. When I was a child, I lived in the same world that you do, but disease claimed my vision before I was fourteen. I remember seeing, and having seen things, sometime. Particularly when I dream. Sometimes I miss it. But my world is still so rich with sense, so real and complete, that I hardly consider myself

handicapped. I suspect that this dichotomy is why I am suited to this task before me; I am deeply bound to the world that He is part of, the world of touch and taste and smell. The senses of passion, of that powerful, erotic energy that is only felt when the lights are out, and we can no longer see. I have seen, though, and so now I may tell.

It was my grandson that took me to the nightclub. I am an old man, and not in the habit of frequenting the lairs of young people; I am a blind man, and so not in the habit of dancing in crowded rooms. "You won't have to dance or anything," Tristan, my grandson, told me. "Just sit and listen to the music." I wondered why it was that I couldn't just listen to a tape of the music, or wait until it came on the radio. He told me that this kind of music would never come on the radio stations that I listened to, and

besides, it wouldn't be the same. To this day, I'll never know what it was that came over my son, to bring his old grandfather to the nightclub with his friends. Surely young people don't do this sort of thing often? Even in my youth, back in the Golden Age...well, Bronze Age, at least...I would have been mortified to take my parents or grandparents anywhere that someone I knew might see them. I suspect Tris had fallen victim to a madness of some kind.

My grandson led me into the club, after a minor fiasco about what to wear. My wardrobe is not particularly diverse, I pointed out; it turned out that this was seldom a problem, as the people at the club weren't

even likely to notice. We ultimately settled on a dark sweater and a pair of black trousers. Tris and I walked to the club, as it was hardly a mile from my home. It was an unusually warm night in October; the air had that sort of crisp, pregnant energy I so often associate with Spring. The smell of anticipation? I remember the way it felt, but there seem to be too few words to describe it. While we walked, Tristan explained a little about the club.

"It's kind of like a rave, except this one is pretty tame; at least, compared to some of the ones I've been to." There was a considered pause here, as he realized that he was in danger of saying too much. "Anyway, it'll

by Christopher Braak, contributor

"It's kind of like a rave, except this one is pretty tame; at least, compared to some of the ones I've been to."

still be cool; there's no alcohol or anything," I had been looking forward to a Scotch, but I was willing to humor my grandson for the evening. "And there's no touching, or anything. Mom says these things are all about sex, but they really aren't. She's never even been to a rave. There's a lot of glowsticks, too, so sometimes it looks really neat, because you can hardly see anyone but you still see these green and red glowing things bouncing up and down..."

"I've never seen a glowstick." "Oh; right. Sorry." I could hear his embarrassment. Tristan had just turned seventeen; he was gradually beginning to pull out of the rampant self-absorption of puberty, and suddenly seemed aware of his surroundings again. Because I had come only recently to live with him and his mother, he had no real consciousness of my blindness.

When we arrived at the club, I was aware of a crowd of people. They were all chattering amiably to each other, the individual conversations blending together into a sort of throbbing roar. If I chose, I could have tried to pick out individual conversations, perhaps; instead, I let the sound of their voices roll over me, a kind of music all its own. My

grandson I presume, took care of the logistics of getting the two of us in. I suppose people might have been staring, but one of the advantages of my condition is that I can easily pretend that they aren't.

Inside, it was quite loud. I could feel the oppressive heat of dozens of writhing bodies; I could smell their sweat. The sounds inside were different; the roar of rough surf, now, with the thunderous undercurrent of the music. Tristan helped me to a small table, so that I could sit and listen, while he went off to join his friends. I did not mention to him the I found the sound of the music appalling; the electric, synthesized sounds to my ears were unnatural things. One of the few times in my life that I really experience noise; a simple, painful noise, like the static of a television, underpinned perpetually by that deep, basso profundo thrumming, and the low, steady rhythm like a heartbeat. The dancers, I could feel them moving, hear their feet shuffling and their clothes brushing against each other, these people were not speaking. Almost, I could make out through the cacophonous roaring the sounds of the music voices from conversations at other tables.

Almost.

"It's really a sort of blasphemy," came a voice. The voice came so clearly and suddenly that I was startled. Almost instinctively my head turned, though I knew that I would see nothing. The man, for it was a man's voice, sat across the table from me. I had not heard him approach. His voice was smooth and melodious, and so surprisingly clear despite the music. It was a strong voice, too, that spoke with the wisdom of age, and with authority. I imagined a man upwards of thirty. Still young and strong, but past that recklessness of youth. "They take drugs, but they do not drink. They dance, but they do not touch. They perform the motions of the mystery, but have lost the meaning. It's a sin, don't you think?"

"Sorry," I replied, almost shouting to make myself heard. "I don't really go to these things. But if they're enjoying themselves..."

"Celebration is a kind of religion," the voice replied. "It must be given proper reverence." I felt a hand touch mine. The hand was smooth and soft, uncalled. The fingers were

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L'il John in Hollywood

I shot Michael Douglas.



by Gabriel McKee

Shit! He's not dead!



What the hell?



STARK RAVING

quite delicate; I'd have thought the hand belonged to a woman, and I briefly wondered if perhaps there was another person sitting at my table. A man who only spoke, and a woman who did not. The hand pressed a wine glass into mine, lingering briefly on the rough, wrinkled old skin of my own hand. I felt a quickening in my blood, such as I had not felt in many years. The glass I held

The sound was deafening, but still I heard his voice, quite clear. "I am Zagreus: I am He Who Was Twice-Born. I am life and resurrection."

was thin-stemmed, with a large cup; smooth-cut glass. "Here, drink." The man's voice said. Tentatively, I did as he asked. As the glass approached my lips, I could smell it; it was a strong red wine, as heady almost as brandy. I felt the scent of it get into my head, absorbed the smell first, through my nose and mouth; the fumes made me feel light-headed. My face was suddenly hot and flush. I tasted the wine, and had to resist the urge to down it all right then. It was strong and tart, and yet smooth as water in my throat. The flavor of it seeped into me and through me, some thousand-year vintage, a connoisseur's dream of wine.

When then liquid touched my lips, that was when I began to notice things. Things that were out of place. I could smell alcohol, now; wine, not just from my glass, but from all around; as though someone had brought in a dozen open bottles of Cabernet.

"I'm going to kill them, you know," the voice said to me.

The voice was strangely light-hearted about his statement. There seemed a kind of laughing edge to it that disturbed me.

"Why?" I demanded, as I caught another scent now. It was the smell of arousal, of men and women building to a sexual frenzy. It blended with the smell of the wine in a strange, horrible way; it was both exciting and terrifying. The sounds, too, began to change.

I could hear the moans of sex, the grunting of strange animals. And the music; the music began to pound in my ears, melody and harmony vanishing until all that was left was the relentless pounding of the rhythm. I tried to grasp my thoughts, to pull my mind together but the sound of that rhythm, that quickening heartbeat drumming in my ears and my bones and behind my eyes, and the smells of lust and wine...I couldn't think....I couldn't...

"So that they know. They must know who I am. The must know what they've done. My young sinners. They have blasphemed."

There were animals here; I could smell goats, like the smell of a petting zoo. I could hear them grunting. I could hear the dancers groaning and screaming. Every sound was clear, despite the ear-splitting tremor of the music. The heartbeat was faster now, so fast it sounded like a great deep buzzing, a rumble... The table began to shake. The

glasses on it began to clatter. I could smell sex and blood and wine in the air. They overpowered me.

"No," I cried, "Please, no. My grandson..."

The voice replied. "You will live. You must go forth, and spread the word. You must tell them what happened here. You must tell them who I am." Madness filled the air now, and righteous anger tinged to voice. He was proud, proud of what was happening to these children.

"Who are you?" "In nomine pater, filius, vina sancta. I am ecstasy." He said, and now I heard the fear; screaming, shouting, as their world began to fall apart around them.

"Who are you?" The sound was deafening, but still I heard his voice, quite clear. "I am Zagreus; I am He Who Was Twice-Born. I am life and resurrection."

Tears welled up in my eyes, and I was crying, but I could not move, I could not leave. I would bear witness. "Who are you?"

"I am Bromios, the Thunderer. I am madness." And there was thunder, such as I had never heard, a hundred thunderclaps at once all close at hand, echoing inside my head, shattering everything, my ears, my thoughts, my heart.

"Please...who are you?" I asked a final time, as silence crept in at the edges of the sound, and the world began to fall away beneath my feet.

"I am Dionysos."



SUICIDE LETTERS

DEAR GEORGE

By Michael Benni Pierce, Former Editor-in-Chief

Dear George,

I am writing to you for advice.

I'm a fourth year student currently going to Hampshire College who can't get any respect. I've tried for four long years to get someone to notice me, and instead, all I've gotten is shit. Pure and simple. No respect, no applause, not even a pat on the back for all of the work I've done. In essence, I've wasted four years.

In the same vein, I feel like you may be feeling the same way. Only one year down, yet you're not a well liked guy. I'm writing to warn you to not let what happened to me happen to you. Maybe you can learn from my mistakes. I obviously wasn't able to.

Some people don't say that I'm a nice guy. And I believe them. When they tell me that I can't spell correctly or "make it happen," I believe them. I'm a worthless piece of shit, and I know it.

I've been thinking about how I might end it all. There are so many ways in this age of technology. You have the old favorites: hanging, slicing and dicing, drowning, electrocution. You have the more artistic: blowing your brains out, getting a guy to come and strangle you in your sleep, jumping off a building. And then, you have the really fucked up things: burying yourself alive, cutting off all of your limbs and bleeding to death, or mating with a scorpion. But all of these seem so trite. They aren't good enough for me.

Don't do what I have to do, George. Don't force yourself down this road like I've done. I'm a fool, and you can learn from my mistakes. Don't be mean, don't be nasty. Give them their cake and ice cream. Pet your cat. Make love to your wife. Notify the cops if you accidentally rear end somebody, instead of just driving away. And never, EVER voice your concerns to a room full of people who don't agree with you.

George, I'm going to end it all now in a way that not even I expected: I'm going to graduate from Hampshire College. Fuck.





GOths, HALLUCINATIONS, AND ROCK AND ROLL SUSHI

by Rosalina Valdez, columnist

I've had some pretty bizarre weeks but none quite like this one.

Every so often you get a need to get off campus, I get it all the time. I need to get outside the Hampshire bubble so when Dorian a while back invited me and a couple of others to Goth Night, I said, "Sure, why not?"

Then it became something more. To make things more interesting, the more we got to talking about Goth Night, the more it ended up becoming a contest between Benni and I about who was going to chicken out or as I preferred to call it "bitch out".

Now it was only a matter of time until we found out who was going to bitch out.

And I HATE losing.

Tuesday rolled around and quite frankly, I was not up for going to Goth Night at all. I wasn't feeling well, I had a lot of work to do, and I just didn't feel like doing it. But I needed to get off campus and once again, I was not going to back down.

Armed with pleather pants, a spiked necklace, and black eyeshadow, I entered the realm of the goths.

Now, let me just say, that I kept getting this Matrix feeling the whole time. Just the way that everyone was moving made me think that Neo was going to show up

at any moment. Maybe it was just me. I don't know.

I like to dance, I just wish I could be better at it, so the first 30 minutes or so were spent being very uncomfortable and roaming about. But then I saw a group of what I called "Industrial Goths" and then I was made very, VERY happy.

I got closer to them and we started singing along to a remix of "Judith" by A Perfect

I had to do yet another cheesy college kid thing.

I had to try Karaoke Sushi.

Circle, then we sang "Closer" and some Rammenstein. They made me feel really comfortable and at one point, I was dancing in the middle of their circle with another girl.

After that I had a lot of fun. I'm glad I hadn't bitched out and come March 12th, I will be going again. Hell, this might become a weekly thing.

Everything was rather bland and boring after that until the early morning hours on Thursday. The night before I was starting to feel a little ill and by the time I went to bed, I was running a very high fever. So high, in fact, that I started

hallucinating. Now, I'm a pretty sick human being and I think that fever induced hallucinations, if not cool, are at least very interesting.

This is what I hallucinated: All my friends were welding me. Yes, welding me. They were welding some sort of armor on me and all I kept thinking was, "I need to stop being sick so that they'll stop welding on me".

Weird, no?

Well, you would think with running such a high fever and hallucinating you would try to take it easy, right? Well, no. I had to do yet another cheesy college kid thing. I had to try Karaoke Sushi.

My main reason for wanting to go was to hear Zak Kauffman sing "Sweet Home Alabama" but he ended up being sick. I must say though, it certainly was interesting to see my friends get so into singing karaoke. I sometimes wonder about my friends...

I think I need new friends.

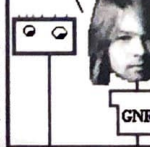
After that we all ended up watching Texas Chainsaw Massacre. See why I say it's been a strange week?



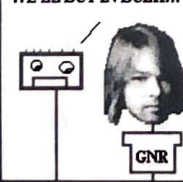
SCREAMIN' STEVEN

by Karl Moore

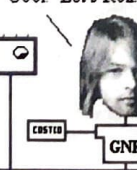
Yo. Wanna hang out?



WE'LL BUY IN BULK!!!



Cool. Let's Roll



THE SKILLS TO PAY THE D&D BILLS



by Erin Snyder, columnist

It has recently come to my attention that several students out there are still unfamiliar with Dungeons & Dragons and the new D20 system. I only wish I had realized this sooner — I certainly never intended to write articles which only a small group of students understood. The mere thought that many of you were unable to grasp the subtle nuances of my previous articles leaves me on the verge of tears. I intended for my articles to reach out to all of my constituency, not merely the small number sitting in the middle room.

Of course an *Omen* article is not long enough to explain the entirety of the D20 system. Such a daunting task falls upon the Dungeons & Dragons 3rd edition Player's Handbook: I dare not attempt it here. Instead I will take a more "Hampshire" approach, by examining several useful spells and abilities and their applications. This will also prove useful to more experienced gamers, who are already running Valley of the Five Colleges campaigns of their own.

Let us begin with a few skills. A "skill," in the third edition, is something you know how to do. Depending on your "rank," you may be very good at any given skill or not. I'd like to call your attention to the skill "Bluff".

This skill is useful when you wish to give a false impression, perhaps to fool the masses into electing you into a position of power. It is a useful skill, which I recommend to many starting characters. Likewise, the skill "Diplomacy" has many uses. Consider, for example, that you find yourself wanting to seize power. A simple diplomacy check (adjusted by Charisma, of course) can allow you to trick your peers into signing over the power of the entire campus.

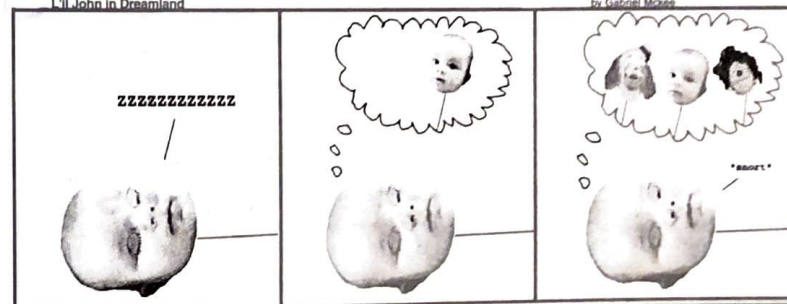
Let us move on to "Feats." In many ways, a Feat is similar to a Skill (see above). However, a Feat is only purchased once, and gives a simple advantage which remains constant. Consider the Feat, "Leadership." It is doubtful that one would be able to control a large group, say a college, without it. I recommend it to anyone who wishes to occupy a leadership position.

Let us move on to "Spells." For the most part, Spells in the third edition function just as they always have. Take the first level spell, Charm Person. This spell can be memorized and cast, forcing its target to act as your friend. I bet that would have come in handy during orientation! In all seriousness, it has many other uses. Hypothetically, you could manipulate someone

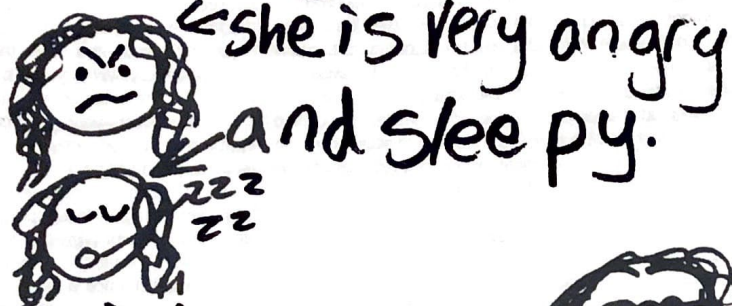
into voting for you, as opposed to a better candidate, for example. Just imagine what you could do if you had both this and the skill Diplomacy! Why, you'd be unstoppable. An entire community could fall under your control, regardless of how cruel and psychotic you might be.

This is nothing compared to the power of higher level spells. Take the third level Wizard spell, "Suggestion." This spell would allow you to influence a creature or person — even a student or graduate — by implanting a suggestion. The suggestion could be as simple as, "FiCom is in a state of disarray, and you should simply turn it over to me," or something far more complicated: "You are greatly offended by everything he has said. Perhaps you should challenge the treacherous dog, Nick Moen, to a duel. After all, Harvard isn't so far from Hampshire, is it? And you have many reasons to visit."

I hope that this article has been illuminating. I especially hope that I've made some progress in making what may have previously appeared to be "in-jokes" more accessible to the community at large. Until next issue!



This is your Girlfriend



← she is very angry
and sleepy.

This is you,



Mr. ooh-look-at-me-I'm
a-cool-gamer-mage-guy-
who-plays-his-games-
WELL-after-midnight-when-
his-girlfriend-wants-to-be-sleeping



Hi I'm
Gabriel, a
sorcerer of
many arcane
things!

So this is your girlfriend
and you. This is your girlfriend
beating your tiny - non-existent
ass with a big stick.



This is your girlfriend,
she is happy cause she
beat your butt with a big stick.



This is you, crying
like the big rotten
monkeyfucker you are!

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XIX

by M. Zole

www.zole.org

AW, BITE ME.

1

2

SIR, I DON'T
LIKE THAT KIND
OF LANGUAGE.

1

2

10 PRINT "Bite me"

1

2

printf("Bite me\n");

1

2

{format t "Bite me"}

1

2

cout << "Bite me"
<< endl;

1

2

writeln('Bite me');

1

2

I DON'T LIKE
THOSE LANGUAGES,
EITHER.

1

2